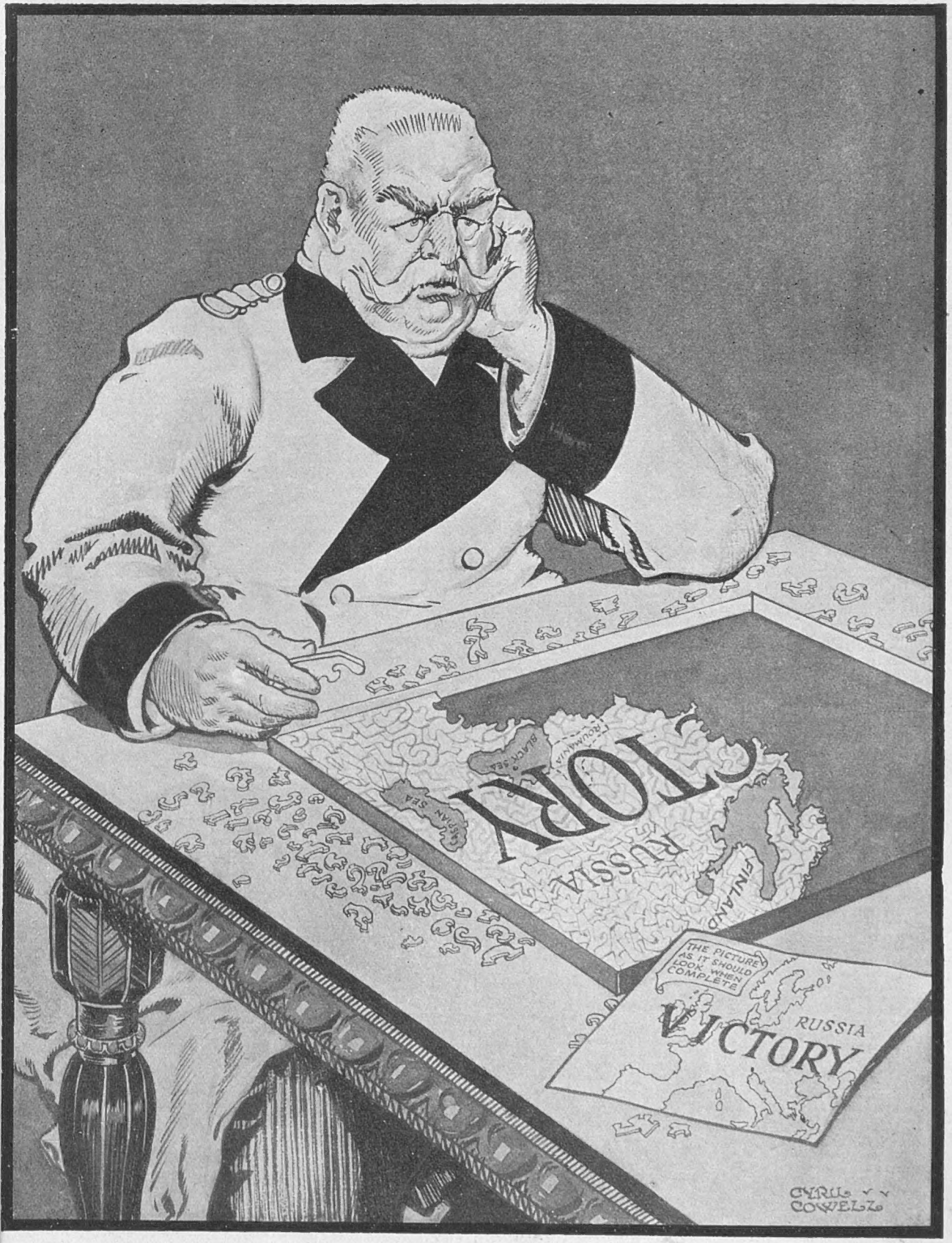
The Bystander, April 10, 1918.—No. 749. Vol. LVIII.

The BYSTANDER



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This artistic "chip" against the Regimental Cook was drawn by a Press Art School Pupil who delights in pencil wit-making at the expense of his friends.

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS ON THE WORLD WAR — AND ON THOSE WHO WAGE IT WISELY AND OTHERWISELY

The Mailed Fist—

GERMANY put her trust in two things to carry her to the conquest of the world. First came the mailed fist—that wonderful military organisation conceived in the spirit of serfdom and carried out with the force of frightfulness. It has, on the surface of things, not served her badly. But there are not wanting signs that the iron gauntlet is none too comfortable for the hand inside it when it endeavours to batter a stone wall. The knuckles of the fist are getting black with bruises. Division after division is hurled against the new Franco-British-American line only to be thrown back with losses compared to which decimation is literally a trifle. The German losses, from all accounts, seem to be more like one in three than one in ten. The ground gained by their heavy attacks is really negligible, since they have failed of their only real objects—the division of the British from the French and the destruction of one or both of the Allied Armies.

—And the Lying Tongue

So much for the mailed fist. Germany's other weapon was the lying tongue. This also did its work well—for a time. The opinion of neutral countries was sedulously set against the Allies from the beginning. Germany's agents in every land represented "perfidious Albion" as the villain of the piece, striving, by means of the blood of other nations, to crush the peaceful and inoffensive Fatherland out of existence. With our characteristic carelessness of other people's opinion, we did not, for a long time, take steps to counteract this poisonous propaganda; indeed, it is only by Germany's own overt acts in the war that nations, at first neutral, have had their eyes opened to the real meaning of Germany's suggestions and professions. Now they know.

A Voice in the Wilderness

AND if they were still blind to the deception practised on them, the revelations recently made by Prince Lichnowsky should open their eyes. The late German ambassador to Great Britain has confessed, in his very natural bitterness at the discovery that he was sent to this country as an honest figure-head to camouflage Germany's real intentions, that he knew and represented all along to his Government that England not only did not want war, but used every endeavour to prevent it. For this outburst he has been degraded; but the truth he tells cannot be denied, though von Jagow has attempted to do so, with the result that he has made the matter look even worse. One of Krupp's directors (and *they* ought to know something about the War's *raison d'être!*), a Dr. Muhlon, has also been indiscreet enough to admit that this is the Kaiser's war, and that he was "taunted" into it. Just why we are allowed to know of these disclosures gives some food for thought.

Oh, my dar-ling!—Oh, my dar-ling!
Oh, my darling—Pal-est-ine!
You are lost—and gone for-ev-er.
Oh, my darling—Pal-est-ine!
(With apologies to "Clementine")

"Solvitur Ambulando"

THE mystery gun still drops its shells at intervals on Paris, but with singularly little effect either in actual destruction or on the *moral* of the Parisians. There is said to be a "certain liveliness" at the Paris railway stations; but for that matter, so there is at some of the London termini! Meanwhile M. Clemenceau visits the front or goes to his Council daily; and to the latter, despite his years, he invariably walks. His colleagues were not too enraptured at this innovation, especially as "The Tiger" has laid it down that he expects them to do the same, to save petrol! And if his expectation is not fulfilled it is to be translated into an order. But, like us, he is trying the voluntary system first.

Grandpa in Arms!

"TOMMY make room for your uncle." The old song is coming true at last. Fortunately, after lashings of meatlessness, uncle will not be such a spacious military accession as he might have been. Private Grandpapa is a little light in the flank, but what he has lost in cutlets he has made up for in port. And he will salute his grandson, the captain, quite brightly with his right hand while he tips the rascal with his left; and as for any little trouble in the orderly room, he will take his C.B. like a man, and

(Continued on page 52)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

see that he gets it too, when the gout starts twinging or the weather is too searching.

Swords and Swagger Sticks!

THE little groups of human antiques that block the pavement in front of the military tailors are the thrilling sights of the Town just now. And how hot the old scamps are going to make the pace with Blanche as soon as they have done their shopping! The Provost-Marshal will have his hands full when youth has its second wild fling. This adventure promises psychological problems that will be positively fascinating. What in the world will happen when giddy young seventy is put under discipline for the first time? What *cannot* happen indeed? The strong, forceful fellow who has been a law unto himself all his life and a terror to others will suddenly be in leading strings, and the brass hats who run the courts martial will have all their leave stopped. The 40,000 discharged munition girls are to be harnessed to bath chairs to bring grandpapa home from the drill-ground to the very nearest canteen.

Whippers-In of the Slackers

QUITE frankly, if Ireland be not conscribed (I don't think there is such a word as "conscripted"), indignation may lead to something interesting. The paralysing hand of the politicians lies very heavily on the war-machine and votes must not be lost even if the war may be. Similarly the smart, slashing young trade unionists, who prefer big wages in the factories to service for their country, must *not* be lost sight of however loudly Mr. Snowden and his shop-stewards may squeal. Our old gentlemen will demand a price, and I think they will get it. Sinn Feiner and shirker must go first and, lord! how happy will the ancients be to shepherd that crowd! There are quite a number of my seasoned friends who would be unbeatable commandants of conscientious objectors, German prisoners, interned aliens, and cattle of that kind; and one or two of them would handle quite prettily the gentle alien invader.

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

THE SUPER-AIRMAN

Captain James B. McCudden, R.F.C., V.C., D.S.O. (with bar), M.C. (with bar), M.M., Croix de Guerre, who has brought down half a hundred enemy machines

A Case for Instant Action

"WAR, Pestilence, and Famine!" It merely depends on us whether the trinity of Death is to destroy our people. Very active steps are being taken to avert the last; very little, if anything, is being done to preserve us from pestilence. By law our tenement houses have to be cleansed in the spring. This has not been done, I am told, for two years owing to labour shortage, and when the hot weather comes this year an epidemic may come with it unless immediate steps are taken. We have our Sanitary Brigade at the front. We need it quite as urgently at home. Is it to be a case of "Wait—and Die," a tragic variation of the Asquithian tradition which did not *die* with Mr. Asquith's removal?

The Two Voices

COUNT CZERNIN'S recent "Spenlow" speech has received the accustomed quantity of comment from the Press — mostly unfavourable, and with reason; for the German right hand is very fully aware of what the Austrian left hand doeth. Czernin is merely a marionette. The real voice comes from Germany. But the real voice does (very rarely, I admit). speak the truth—even if only by accident; and it was certainly by accident that the real voice allowed itself to announce to the German people the other day that "victory means bread." This is the most heartening assurance that the Allies have had for a long time past that the situation in Germany has reached a point of desperation. For if bread is only to be obtained by victory, what does failure to achieve victory imply?

Dora's Blessings In Disguise

ONE ray of comfort comes at last to the much-harassed (male) householder. (Nothing to do with tenement houses this time.) A revolution, compared to which the Russian revolution appears inconsiderable, is to take place under his very roof. This year—the edict goes forth—there is to be no spring cleaning! No money to be wasted on papers and painters, for paint is scarce and paper is unprocurable—except in Government Departments. No "turnings-out" of his study, followed by the impossibility of finding anything in its place after the room has been swept and garnished. Nothing left about on the stairs to fall over in the dark. Well may men bless, at last, the name of Dora for these her doings. But it won't do to forget that six million women, baulked of the spring cleaning, which is their dearest (and dustiest) delight, have now got votes; and

The Morning of the Day After

WILHELM *(waking up)*: "Where am I? Is this Paris?"
HINDENBURG: "Not quite, all Highest. Still, it's 'somewhere in France'"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

accordingly the prospects of Dora's continued existence after the next election are scarcely improved.

The W.A.A.C. Abroad and at Home

NOTHING could have been finer than the way in which the girls of the W.A.A.C., whose duties took them into the area of the recent fighting, behaved under the imminent peril of the German advance. They refused transport to a place of safety; they stuck to their job; and when it became imperative for them to retire, they marched for fifteen miles to resume their work. I should like to know what these splendid girls think of a member of their corps in this country who was recently fined £5 for writing love-letters to a German prisoner. And what the man she was engaged to, fighting in France, thinks of her. And even what, if she thinks at all, she thinks of herself. "Only a joke," indeed! Her sisters in France and Belgium, in Serbia and Armenia and Poland might enlighten her!

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE,"

Illustrations by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *April* 8, 1918.

DEAR COUSIN—

HERE in England—now, where

Spring comes again
And all our woods are green,

though our hearts beat fast and faster with love and pride, still our useless tears are falling. The world is re-born in living beauty and all around we see the green things growing; but in the midst of life there passes before our eyes that peerless pageant of heroic youth that in the terror and tragedy of these last dreadful days has died to save the world.

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SPLENDIDLY and gallantly our true knights enter the lists; unflinchingly they go to battle, though they leave

. . . . Life's sweetest words unsaid,
The rainbow runes of eager youth half-scrolled.

And glorious is the epic tale of their boyish valour and their cruel wounds. But, oh! the emptiness of their places—oh! the ache in the hearts that held them—oh! the bitterness of the thought that these our best—our men, our lovers, brothers, sons—will never be home again!

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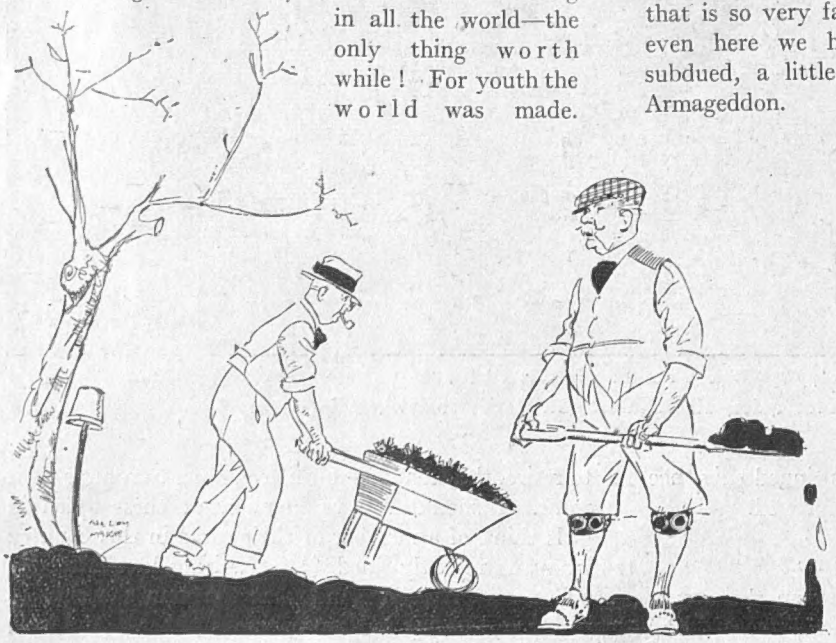
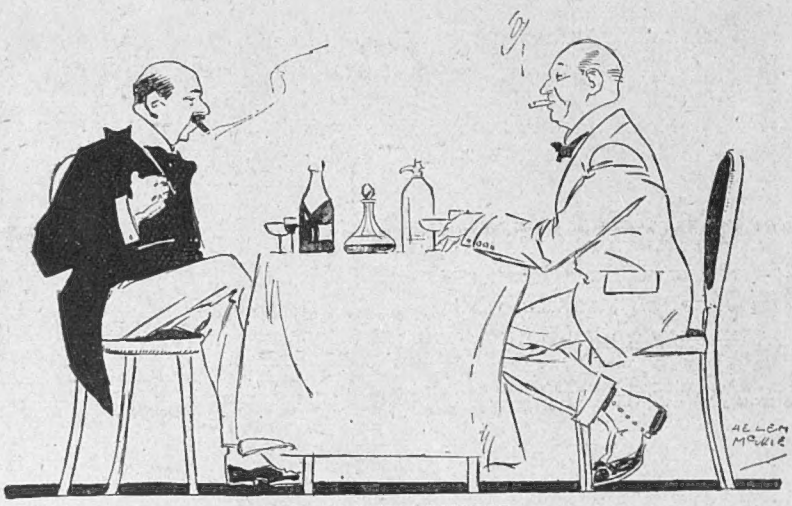
IT is our part here at home in England just to give—and to endure. Theirs to fight—and fall—for us and England. But one has wondered sometimes, in the hush and the waiting of these heart-breaking weeks: Is the whole world gone mad? Youth is the one thing that matters—the most beautiful thing in all the world—the only thing worth while! For youth the world was made.



And Uncle Bill has chucked his snooker, too.
He knows it is the tip to end the queue.
While U-boats sink the red, the white, and blue,
Without a rest he pots at our allotment.



THE ALLOTMENTEERS

Important business—such as will not wait—
Always kept Pa in Town till nearly eight.
It's seldom now he reaches home too late
To do a good hour's work on our allotment.

And our golden lads, in the flower and prime of youth, have come to dust as they remake the world, for us unworthy ones, "out there."

卐 卐

THEY have been, I think, the very awfullest yet—these last three weeks of war. Worse even than those bewildering first weeks when, as we looked on, bemused:

The little mighty Force that stood for England
Stood firm while England girt her armour on.

One has waited, as it were, on tiptoe, alive only in the sense of drawing breath, expectant; afraid. And so clearly could we hear the flutter of Death's cold wings that even here, cousin—even here in this England that is so very far although so very close to war—even here we have been a little silent, a little subdued, a little awed by the utter awfulness of Armageddon.

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JUST for a little, even in our oh! so "cheery" England, we realised for a moment war, and the flavour went a little out of life. It has not seemed to matter much, even about the important things—rations, the curfew, the new plays, the fewer trains, the sins of the Government, the cut of the new skirts, or *anything*. Issues over there were so very, very big and our small trials so very, very small set against the hunger and the weariness and the endurance of those fighting men of ours.

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IT seemed, you see, to even the least imaginative, just the tiniest bit incongruous to fuss and

(Continued on page 56)

At Wilton House with the Wounded

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE

Who has turned her beautiful country home, Wilton House, near Salisbury, into a hospital for the wounded, among whom she herself works untiringly. She has been "mentioned" for her services

fume very bitterly about our petty war-troubles over here while "over there" one read of men "so weary with endless battle that they could hardly walk—they held hands like tired children."

Ernest on Saturdays was always seen,
Driving a small white ball from green to green,
And cutting up the country in between.
He now removes the turf on our allotment.

THE world which must amuse itself went on, of course, amusing itself. Opera-lovers left not a seat unfilled at Drury Lane, though the German hordes battered us back through sheer numbers and the Prime Minister thundered from Downing Street that this was but the beginning and that before this campaign is ended even the last man may count. And there was also, of course, racing—at Manchester and Birmingham, and also over in Ireland, where, as you know, there's less "war" atmosphere than ever.

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FOR the Easter holiday-makers—not *quite* so many as usual, but still astonishingly many—the trains ran double, though the Channel ports were blocked with the shiploads of our wounded; and one heard of seaside places choc-a-bloc with visitors, even as far west as Devonshire. There were quite a lot of new plays at the theatres, and the usual thousands have jostled and pushed to get into them. There were, as usual, packed restaurants, and even there were dances—*danses Macabres* they ought to have called these last, what? For it implies really a lack of imagination almost sinister, one-stepping and fox-trotting and hula-hulaing while "over there" our men in millions kept their *rendezvous* with Death.

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BUT there were, of course, others. In the factories the workers were just splendid—all through the spring days they have slaved without ceasing to make good the tremendous wastage that Armageddon means in more than men. On the allotments—with which the green environs of London are now studded thick as thick can be—the unaccustomed farmer from the offices and streets sought manfully, with aching back and blistered hands, to give a good start in life to his war-time mainstay, the potato.

And now the clubs see Ermyntrude no more;
Her diamonds went to carry on the war.
With single heart she's playing to the score,
And makes grand slams with spades on her allotment

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FOR the rest it's been, and it still is, a time of watching and waiting for most of the homes of England. And home's the best place of all to watch and wait in as everyone knows—except the people who know none of the things worth knowing. As for me, I wished, as the dreadful days of destiny went slowly by, that someone would make it compulsory that *everyone* should just watch and wait—going on with the war-work and the things that mattered, but cutting right clean out of the national life every other thing that didn't actually and obviously help along the war.

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WHEN there's only one thing that matters, the war and winning it, what could be simpler than to turn just *everyone* on to something useful? I don't mean only the older men—they, poor dears, will probably be gathered in all right when Parliament meets on the man-power question this week, for it seems we cannot wait until America sends along her young men. Making an army takes time, you see.

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MEANWHILE, in Ireland there are crowds of young men; and the hordes of young women that fill the streets and shops and theatres—if these last are fit enough for the racket and strain of London life then are they also strong enough for the land, where women in thousands are now very urgently wanted, since *all* the men must now do work that women cannot do. Or they could cook in the communal kitchens, or wash up in the hospitals, or even—best of all—be sent, under martial law, into domestic service. In these days of the disappearance of all but the most expensive servants to give a helping hand to the overworked housewives of England wouldn't really be half bad war-work.

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BUT you'd really think, wouldn't you, that by now, even a British Government would have dropped the very word "voluntary," and made compulsory upon us every single blessed thing they thought might help with the war? 'Specially with such a lamb-like people, for though we don't respond to voluntarism we're as mild as mild under compulsion—look how we've taken all the new restrictions! Grumblingly, of course—you can't change human nature even with Armageddon—but actually without a single kick.

With love, yours ever, BLANCHE.

"Alas! Unconscious of Their Doom . . ."

PETS IN THE PARK—EDIBLE AND OTHERWISE

"Somewhere in Flanders"

THE GULF

My Dear Bystander—

I feel sure that the old lady who runs my billet really belongs to another and a better planet and has come to this earth by some strange creative error which will never be explained. She is a member of the species known as motherly souls, but her motherliness must not be confused with that category of maternal affection which leads to constant and astonishing discoveries relating to the rapid diminution of Army rations in a Continental climate.

* *

Although officially her domestic functions do not extend beyond the preparation of foodstuffs for the sustenance of my frame, yet her devotion is such that only is her happiness complete when engaged in rejuvenating the posteriors of woollen pantings, of resurrecting socks long since fallen into a fatal decline, of transforming old braces into new, and in similar domestic labours which do so much towards the welfare of the human body. At the present moment she may be seen seated on a trestle in the bowels of the earth, engaged, by the light of a flickering candle, in adding a span to the life of a pair of decayed carpet slippers which I threw away a fortnight ago and which the faithful woman has silently retrieved.

PASSED BY CENSOR

HARROWING

SUBALTERN: "Do you know the Arras road, my man?"

TOMMY (*anxious to be polite*): "'Arrer Road, sir? Well, I come from Kilburn, so yer may 'ave seen me in the neighbourhood, sir!"

Add to this the talent of the *ménagère*, the gift of silence, cleanliness beyond reproach, a cheerful disposition under circumstances often very wearisome to the flesh, and you have before your eyes the vision of the perfect lady.

* *

Since perfection, you will say, cannot be, somewhere in the composition of this woman there lurks the old Adam that never dies—probably she is addicted to secret tippling or a traffic in Army blankets. Let me admit it at once. There is a flaw in the structure; the woman has one grave fault. She is convinced that she can make a "*pouding Anglais*." She made one once and she is determined to do it again. She is under the delusion that no Briton can be happy outside his own country unless from time to time he indulge in the delights of "*un bon pouding anglais*."

* *

I have done my best to wean her from this conviction, for I possess, if I may say so, inside knowledge that while endowed by the gods with a profusion of gifts that is accorded to few mortals, yet the art of pudding-making has been regrettably withheld.

* *

My entreaties have been all in vain. She thinks, good soul, that I am actuated solely by the desire to save her trouble, and the more I expostulate the more resolute she becomes!

For a whole week I went about weighed down by a sense of impending misfortune. I found it waiting for me last night when I came in for dinner.

I can only liken it to a dark globular portion of baked asphalt, thinly *camouflé* by a covering of inferior plum jam, and the mere look of the thing lowered my *moral*.

* *

But I had come prepared. Very stealthily I drew a large envelope from my pocket and packed it tight with the cloying substance. I then rubbed a little on my plate and spoon. Once get the envelope into my pocket, and it only remained to congratulate the artist on the excellence of the dish.

At that moment the orderly announced himself, bringing a message that I was urgently wanted at the office.

* *

I was back within ten minutes, an awful fear clutching at my heart. The kitchen door was ajar, and tiptoeing softly to it I put my eye to the crack, in time to watch the old lady pick up a fork and slowly and deliberately extricate from the envelope the remnants of a "*bon pouding anglais*."

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson

BAIRNSFATHER WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY

The New Tenants Are Not Pleased—

PASSED BY CENSOR

—Nor Is The Real Landlord

A Pulverised Pill Box

Canadian War Records

EDDIES of WAR

LOOKING INTO IT. BY DELL LEIGH

NOTE.—This is a true and faithful account of what happened to James Smithson and Company, Ltd., better known as James, for the rest of the name was mere camouflage. James held Government contracts, and found them rather lucrative, the more so since he had an expert accountant, who had made a three years' close study of what are and what are not excess profits in relation to pre-war standards. Now James besought the Powers that Be to allow him to build an extension to his factory. The following is a rough *précis* of what occurred. Explanatory notes are conveyed in italics.

(*James writes the initial letter to Government Department.*)

". . . . I enclose plan and estimates of cost. You will observe that great economy in structure has been studied, and very little steel is employed. I can assure you that if this extension is sanctioned it will mean a 50 per cent. increase in the output so urgently needed by your Department. Awaiting to hear favourably . . . ."

(*Four days elapse.*)

Government official looks wearily at letter.

"Who are James Smithson and Co., Ltd., Miss Harvey?"

". . . . Oh, are they?—never heard of 'em! Anyway, get the beastly thing jacketed. I can't stand these rolls of plans."

"Getting it jacketed" consists of enveloping James' plea in a stout paper cover with certain insignia in the form of registered numbers. This is done in another building altogether, in a place called "The Registry."

(*Two days elapse.*)

James' plea then appears in the following shape:

AS/69172/Sub. III/1918/4
Buildings, Extension of
Smithson, Sons, and Company, Ltd., James.

For the sake of brevity the following Government officials who handled James' papers are shown by numbers, thus:—

G.O. I. "I say, Miss Harvey, here's this Smithson thing again. He wants something or other. What shall we do with it?"

A GERMAN "PIECE"

"What? Oh, righto! We'll pass it on to him."

G.O. I to G.O. II: "Passed to you please. Do you know this Firm?"

(*Five days elapse.*)

G.O. II to G.O. I: "No."

(*Two days elapse.*)

G.O. I.: "Nice pleasant fellow, that: so communicative and chatty. What about this paper now, Miss Harvey? What? Righto! Let's try him. I'm fed up with this business—I say, who am I lunching with?"

(*Lunch interval.*)

G.O. I to G.O. III.: "Please advise me as to the nature and extent of this Firm's contracts, and say whether you consider their proposed extension should be supported."

[At this point, thirteen days having elapsed, James ventures a second letter. ". . . . . might I please have a reply . . . "].

G.O. I to G.O. III: "Please attach this letter to AS/69172/Sub. III./1918/4, sent you on the 15th inst."

G.O. III to G.O. I: "Reference attached letter, think some mistake, have no jacket from you numbered AS/69172/Sub. III./1918/4. Have a jacket AS-96172/Sub. I/1917/2; do you think there is any mistake in the reference numbers please?"

G.O. I to G.O. III: "No, I don't think so. Have another look, cully. We are a very accurate Department here."

G.O. III to G.O. I: "You surprise me."

(*Three days elapse.*)

G.O. III to G.O. I: "Have no knowledge of this Firm's contracts; try Catapult Warfare Branch."

(*James' second, and unanswered, letter is by this time skilfully lost.*)

G.O. I then repeats the motions to Catapult Warfare Branch.

C.W.B. replies: "Not a bad Firm; rather behind in their deliveries of pellets. Suggest asking Extensions Advisory Sub-Committee for advice as to action. Please note that my name is spelt *Smythe*,

(*Continued on page 62*)

"EDDIES OF WAR" (concluded)

and not Smith. I have had occasion to draw your attention to this before."

G.O. I to Miss Harvey: "I don't believe he is the Smythe we should have sent it to at all. Beastly uppish fellow; let's look him up in the index, anyway —what? Oh, all right, have it your own way."

(*Interval for lunch.*)

G.O. I (in the fullness of time) consults Extensions Advisory Sub-Committee much in the same manner. Who reply:—

"Impossible to advise on this case without a sketch plan. Please, therefore, obtain same, and forward."

G.O. I. feels morally certain there *was* a plan attached, but, to make sure, consults all previous departments.

(*Fourteen days elapse.*)

G.O. IV. (a new player) to G.O. I: "Have had application from James Smithson and Company for permission to extend their factory. Understand you are conversant with the case. Please furnish me with the previous papers."

G.O. I (clutching at straw) "Certainly; but kindly return sketch plan to enable me to explain details of the Firm's requirements."

G.O. IV. maintains dignified silence.

(*Three days elapse.*)

G.O. V. (another player) to G.O. I: "Output from James Smithson and Company, Ltd. seriously impeded for lack of space. Understand they have applied to you for extensions. Please state fully action which has been taken, and what priority is likely to be received for the requisite material, including the steel stanchions."

G.O.I. passes this letter in the prescribed manner to Extensions Advisory Sub-Committee "for attachment, etc."

(*Six months elapse.*)

James Smithson and Company, Ltd., have now got their building extension nearly completed.

But only because G.O.'s I. II. III. and IV. have been taken for service overseas.

N.B.—They are still having trouble about the steel for the roof trusses. But this is being handled by quite another department, who are looking into the quantities involved.

Meanwhile the rain comes in on to James' new machine tools

THE GREAT POTATO PUSH

Spooks in the Salient

WHAT THE SENTRY SEES

Shrapnel Pars

WHEN we have women solicitors, will the fees remain the same, or shall we find six and eight-pence three farthings figuring in the bill of costs?

WE are threatened with a national sausage. Well, so long as it isn't a Grand National Sausage we shall not complain.

WAR-TIME Cookery. — Take 1,000 calories, stew carefully for half an hour. Stir in a medical certificate, and two coupons. Pass the result round the family circle, and make a square meal of it if you can.

"FILL the Sties," cries a headline. With food hogs, we presume.

MR. BIRON, the magistrate, says that this is an age of simple faith. Even the police cells take people in.

LORD LINCOLNSHIRE has compared Mr. Chaplin to a bird fluttering round a tree and unable to make up its mind on which bough to settle. No matter. There is a settling day for every flutter.

WE don't mind the authorities keeping us in the dark, provided they don't waste gas over it.

BILLY SUNDAY says that the Kaiser will be lucky if he eats his next Christmas dinner in Berlin. From what we've heard of Christmas dinners in Berlin we can't see where the luck comes in.

MORE than with any other of their recent successes, the hungry Huns were delighted with the capture of—Ham.

"WITH their little horde of maxims preaching down a nation's heart," quotes the *Morning Post*. *This* M.P. is not going to be caught "hoarding" anyway.

THE Kaiser need not be so anxious to claim that this is "his own offensive." If it comes to that, it is his own war—and, sooner or later, he is going to pay for it.

IS there really a paper shortage? Anyway, the *Weekly Dispatch* recently let a high ecclesiastic use a lot of its space in explaining "Why the Pope Does Not Stop the War," when he could have done it quite convincingly in three words—"Because he can't!"

EVICTED residents along the Upper Thames are now hopefully inquiring as to the possibility of the long-distance gun extending its range to Maidenhead and district in the near future.

"EELS for everyone," was the heading of a recent article in the *Daily Mail*. We all know the uncanny power of the Northcliffe Press; but even Carmelite House can't make everyone eat eels.

THE Glasgow Independent Labourites are demanding a five-hours' working day. Seems hardly worth while getting out of bed for. Why not declare themselves independent of labour altogether?

THOSE who found it difficult to credit the existence of that German long-distance gun were naturally slow to believe that the Boches are as clever at firing the long shot as they are at "drawing the long bow."

THE latest thing in controllerships, we read, takes the form of a Controller of Walking-Sticks. If the material of which they are made is wasted the new functionary may be expected to "raise Cain."

AS usual, the home Huns have been in a hurry to get their flags out in celebration of "victory." But their bunting display will now look foolish in the light of the Allies' unflagging resistance.

LORD BUCKMASTER believes that women would make good solicitors. Is he willing to throw the bar open to them also, and would he view with equanimity the presence of a Lady Deemistress on the Woolsack?

LORD RHONDDA'S BIRTHDAY LUNCH AT BOW BATHS

[We piously hope that the rationed photographer had no intention of revenging himself when he took this picture.—ED.]

Our George—A Funny Beggar

MR. GEORGE ROBEY

By his unwearying exertions in the good cause, has raised some £50,000 for War Charities. 'Snice of him, isn't it?

Tears from the Tigris

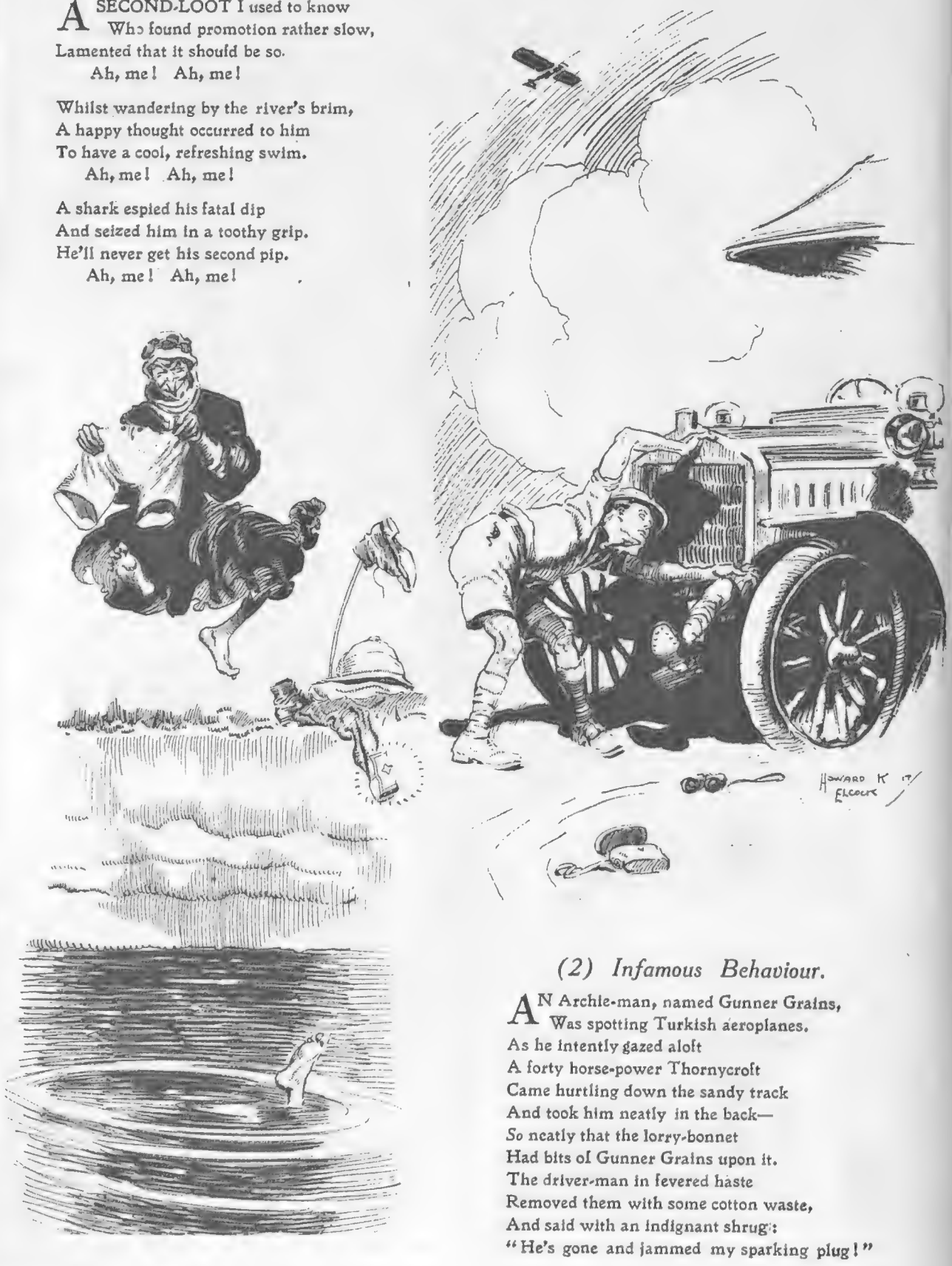
BY A. A. THOMSON. ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

(1) Deferred Promotion.

A SECOND-LOOT I used to know
Who found promotion rather slow,
Lamented that it should be so.
Ah, me! Ah, me!

Whilst wandering by the river's brim,
A happy thought occurred to him
To have a cool, refreshing swim.
Ah, me! Ah, me!

A shark espied his fatal dip
And seized him in a toothy grip.
He'll never get his second pip.
Ah, me! Ah, me!



(2) Infamous Behaviour.

AN Archie-man, named Gunner Grains,
Was spotting Turkish aeroplanes.
As he intently gazed aloft
A forty horse-power Thornycroft
Came hurtling down the sandy track
And took him neatly in the back—
So neatly that the lorry-bonnet
Had bits of Gunner Grains upon it.
The driver-man in fevered haste
Removed them with some cotton waste,
And said with an indignant shrug:
"He's gone and jammed my sparking plug!"

BAIRNSFATHER ON THE ITALIAN FRONT

A Candid Communiqué

PASSED BY CENSOR

There is undoubtedly some enemy war news you can believe

AUSTRIAN OFFICIAL: "We firmly held all the ground we took yesterday"

On The Pinnacle of Fame

Photograph Malcolm Arbuthnot

MISS DOROTHY HANSON

Who is to play the principal part in "Be Careful, Baby," at the Apollo Theatre on April 17

THE BEAUTY SPOT AT THE GAIETY

BY "JINGLE"
Illustrated by
LEWIS BAUMER

THIS is a musical comedy. The detail is apparently one to be insisted upon since a note on the programme takes the opportunity twice to point out that musical comedy is now more popular than *revue*. It would seem, therefore, that if you wish to be in the movement you must leave off going to *revues* and stick to musical comedy. Still, whatever its technical name may be, an entertainment such as this was bound to be popular anyway. There is a light, farcical story interpreted by several humorists of distinction, enlivened by tuneful music, and decorated by the usual display of light-hearted chorus girls who sing and dance joyously as though they enjoyed the fun quite as much as anybody. Mr. Alfred Butt is carrying on the Gaiety tradition very worthily.

⁂

A MAN named Sinclair once wrote a book about Baluchistan, called "The Beauty Spot," and then died. Literary effort is not always so fatal as this, in spite of the prevailing opinion among editors that it might be better if it were so. Mr. Napoleon Bramble, (Mr. George Barrett), a rich merchant, having got hold of the manuscript, published it in his own name just for a joke. To his horror, it was the literary success of the season. All the ladies raved about it, though I have not, of course, the faintest idea as to what it could have been about. Not unnaturally, Mr. Bramble's family expect him to repeat this bewildering success by writing another book of the kind. He humours them so far as to engage a very attractive little typist (Miss Peggy Kurton), a detail of literary work that has the advantage of not requiring any special education. Almost anyone can be literary to that extent and glad to do it.

ABOUT this time Dick Sinclair (Mr. Austin Melford) turns up. He is the nephew of the man who really wrote the book, and as the next-of-kin he has an idea that he ought to have a share in the colossal profits that have been made out of the enterprise. Accordingly he descends upon Napoleon Bramble's household attired more or less as a native Baluchi, and announces that he has been sent by his tribe to greet the author of the famous book. By way of giving local colour to his part he starts by kissing the ladies thoroughly—not a mere butterfly kiss, mind you, but one with a grip to it.

(*Continued on page 70*)

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)

native land, and he gets out of the difficulty by making up a medley of playful nonsense as he goes along. He appeals to Kadouja to support him in this time of trial, and she plays up magnificently. Her frantic efforts to keep pace with the wild music are distinctly droll; and when she cannot think of any words to sing, she just shouts out nothing in particular, and goes through all the wild antics of an Indian war-dance by way of concealing the deficiencies in her vocabulary. It is a most exhilarating performance and brings down the curtain on the first act in a quite uproarious manner.

And when awkward questions begin to be asked he repeats the dose by way of restoring confidence. After all, there are more ways than one of keeping a lady's mouth shut. I have often thought if I were on the stage I would like to specialise in parts like this. Salary no object. Furthermore, Dick has not come alone. He brings with him a scantily attired lady named Kadouja whom he introduces as his batman, a description which in these severely military days is fairly complete.

❀

As it is with all musical comedies, however (and with *revues*), too, for the matter of that!), the story does no more than serve as a peg on which to hang the excellent variety entertainment of which the show is made up. The leading lady in this respect is Mlle. Regine Flory, whose very decorative dancing with Mr. Jan Oyra is the most striking feature of the production. Mlle. Flory, who is Kadouja, hereinbefore mentioned, makes her first hit with Mr. Melford in a lively duet called "The Legend of the Wakamakoo." Dick is asked to favour the company with a typical song of his alleged

❀

A distinct asset to the piece is Miss Maisie Gay, who begins by being Napoleon Bramble's adoring wife and ends up as pretty well anything that will lend itself to a cheerful display of humour. Perhaps her best effort is her yodeling song with Mr. Melford, who is himself a clear gain to the production. Since costume is everything in these matters, they hand Miss Gay at the last moment an Alpine hat. It proves, however, too small for her, and consequently all through her very energetic song and dance she is obliged to keep her head rigid for fear of losing the characteristic hat that alone justifies the eccentric turn. It is quite a remarkable piece of clever burlesque.

❀

Another entertaining duet is that sung by Miss Peggy Kurton and Mr. Tom Walls on the subject of literary collaboration, from which it appears that when you are writing a story with the help of a fascinating girl, you can be sure at least of getting your love scenes true to life, anyway. I shouldn't wonder! Mr. Walls has also a song all to himself addressed mainly to a fluffy little dog he holds in his arms while he sings. I judge from the song that the usual objection to leading a dog's life is founded on an entirely mistaken idea of the actual facts. Talk about a riotous time!

❀

This is, as has been stated, a musical comedy, and not a *revue*. Mr. Austin Melford takes a turn at pretty well everything, and is successful in all. It falls to his lot to sing the usual musical-comedy song about the girls, where you see the hero surrounded by bunches of loveliness that all seem to be waiting for a chance to hug him. There is not much in the song except the repeated assertion "if you see a girl with a frill and a curl, that's one of the girls I love." And so say all of us! The charm of the song lies in the well-drilled chorus, who throw themselves whole-heartedly into the fun, and make the average impressionable man regret more than ever that Mr. Melford should have such a distressing monopoly of the goods. *The Beauty Spot*, which was liberally patronised by our friends in khaki on the occasion of my visit, is a very satisfying entertainment, and it is characterised by the usual added touch of refinement that is associated with Mr. Alfred Butt's management.

JINGLE.

The Life of the Piece

Our artist presents an extraordinarily life-like impression of the spirit and abandon with which Mlle. Regine Flory invests her part in "The Beauty Spot" at the Gaiety

The Curl and the Girl

By CHRISTOPHER DRUCE

A SERVILE chord from the piano, followed by the perfunctory tuning up of a violin and a little applause from the tables near the platform, announced that the hour had arrived when Monsieur Augustin had finished his own dinner and would condescend for a brief spell to conduct the orchestra in person.

A minute later the strains of "I love the curl that hides your ear" were penetrating to the farthest corners of the restaurant.

Traske pushed his plate away from him. It was evident that he was put out.

"Surely it must give you enormous satisfaction to hear that?" I suggested.

"I hate the sound of the beastly thing," he growled. The waiter, hovering near, made as if to pounce on his plate and carry it away, but Traske, apparently recollecting that the few ounces of meat which he would get were all there, hastily retrieved it.

"But you must have a small fortune awaiting you in that song?" I persisted.

"I shall get far more from the royalties of that than from any six of my other songs," he admitted; "but I'd willingly give up the lot not to have published it at all."

He dug savagely into the yellow, slushy ice which the waiter had just brought, tasted a mouthful of it, and abandoned it in favour of the bottle of wine, from which he replenished my glass and his own.

"In a few days' time you'll hear of my engagement to Rose Barton," he stated gloomily.

The news came as a surprise to me. Rose Barton was the enormously popular comédienne who had featured "The curl that hides your ear" when it was introduced into the *revue* at the Emprodrome at the beginning of the week.

That particular function of a curl had long been a distinctive characteristic of Rose Barton's.

"Well, I congratulate you," I said, hesitating, aware that his manner did not exactly invite congratulations.

"You needn't do that," he said bitterly. "It's no fault of mine." He lit a cigarette and eyed me morosely. "I'll tell you how it happened. I met Rose when she was rehearsing in "So You Say, Willie." I did all the music for that, you may remember. I admit I was rather infatuated with her at the time, and saw a lot of her. You know I never write anything but the music of these songs as a rule; but I was fool enough to write those verses about Rose. I showed them to her, and she was awfully pleased; she wanted to sing them, but I refused to let her. I really thought I was in love with her, you see; and I told her they were far too personal to let everybody have them. She pretended to see my point of view and agreed. And I was sufficiently taken in to believe that she was capable of feeling like that about it. Well, of course, the usual thing happened. I got tired of her after a bit. There's not much variety about Rose off the stage, and the only thing she cares to talk about is Rose — and ultimately we had a bit of a row, though, of course, there was no understanding between us even before it. We had to go on meeting at the theatre, and it was very awkward at first, but things settled down and I thought it was all over and done with.

"And then, when they were rehearsing this present show, 'Oh! you are One!' I heard that she was saying that I didn't do half the music that came out under my name; and I was wild.

"As I say, I was a fool ever to have believed that she had any decent feelings about that song; but I thought I could make her sore through that.

"I wrote that sticky, cloying tune that they've just been playing—one of the most disgusting things I've ever turned out, but a thing that was bound to catch on—three-quarters of it is made up from the tunes that have caught on in the last few years.

"I took it along to Jarley, who publishes all my stuff. He was delighted with it, as, of course, he would be, seeing the sale that the atrocity was bound to have, But I kept him dangling, and told him I wasn't sure I wanted to publish it at all. You ought to have seen his face.

"He works hand in glove with Mortling, who produces the Emprodrome shows. So finally I told him that I'd only let it go on condition it was sung in 'Oh! You are One!' by Rose Barton herself.

"I was a bit ashamed of myself afterwards; but all the same I patted myself on the back: I thought it was bound to make her furious when she saw how little I valued it now; and I prepared a little speech to make to her, something about there being one song, at any rate, which she knew on first-hand evidence that I had done myself.

"But, of course, it had exactly the opposite effect to what I had anticipated. I knew that Jarley would put his own interpretation on my stipulation, and I learnt afterwards that he told a certain number of people about it.

"Whether it got to Rose's ears, and whether that had any effect on her, is more than I can say. All I heard was that she had taken it on all right—I rather admired her pluck. I kept away from the theatre while they were rehearsing it, but Mortling rang me up to tell me what a winner it was going to be.

"They put it into the show last Monday. I got a seat right at the back. Rose sang it without turning a hair, and of course the audience simply ate it. I went home after the show without seeing her. And then, the next morning, I got the biggest shock of my life. With a lengthy and very illiterate display of maidenly modesty, she wrote and told me how touched she was at my public tribute to her. She said she had known all along that I loved her, and she would take all the blame for our foolish quarrel, which should never happen again for the rest of our lives."

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

(*Continued on page 74*)

Things I Should Like to See

PASSED BY CENSOR

No. 3.—The Athenæum on Peace Night

THE CURL AND THE GIRL (*concluded*)

"Well?" he asked at last, impatient at my long silence. I had been doing some hard thinking.

"Have you seen her or answered her letter yet?" I asked.

"Not yet," he said dully, "but I can only see one way in which I can answer it with any decency at all!"

"Well, then," I urged hurriedly, "don't write to her yet. Keep away from the theatre. We could have everything ready by Monday."

And then I unfolded my plan to him.

. . . . . .

It was half-past eight on the following Monday evening. I followed Traske into the box which the manager had given him, and took the two programmes from the girl. I handed one to Traske, glanced into mine to make sure that everything had been done all right, and then sat down to watch his face. He turned first to the details of the second act.

"Here it is," he said miserably. "'"The curl that hides you ear," written and composed by L. Traske.' What a fool I was!"

"Look at the last page of the programme," I suggested.

He turned over the pages savagely. Suddenly his features stiffened. His eyes opened wide, his lips parted. I looked over his shoulder. They had done it exactly according to my draft. It was a full-page advertisement:—

"The Curl That Hides Your Ear!"
—The Latest Fashion—
Art to the Aid of Nature!
In Any Shade.
Are Your Ears Too Big?
Then Buy "The Curl That Hides Your Ear"
—Can be Instantly Affixed—
Price from 3 Guineas a pair.
The Invention which Inspired Mr. Leonard Traske's Great Song.

Traske turned to me. His whole expression had changed, and he looked years younger.

"Poor girl, though!" he said under his breath.

"Not a bit of it," I answered ruthlessly. "Why, we may even get a testimonial from her later on, to publish with her photograph!"

. . . . . .

A short paragraph in the *Stage* of the following Thursday informed anyone who might be interested that Miss Rose Barton had signed a lucrative contract for America, and through the courtesy of Mr. Mortling would immediately relinquish her part in "Oh! you are One!"

. . . . . .

I strongly suspect that Traske had something to do with this unusual "courtesy" on Mr. Mortling's part, which must have surprised Rose Barton as much as it surprised everybody who read the paragraph. After all, "arrangement" is the more usual word. Traske has told me that he would be prepared to give up his profits from "The curl that hides your ear" if he could undo the effects of its publication; and it was the least he could for her in the circumstances.

Rose's successor sings the song very nicely; but, of course, she has not the same natural advantages. However, she is supplied with a very efficient substitute for them by the big firm of perruquiers to whom I sold the trade name.

That, as I pointed out to Traske, belonged entirely to me.

CHRISTOPHER DRUCE.

Camera Study *Bertram Park*

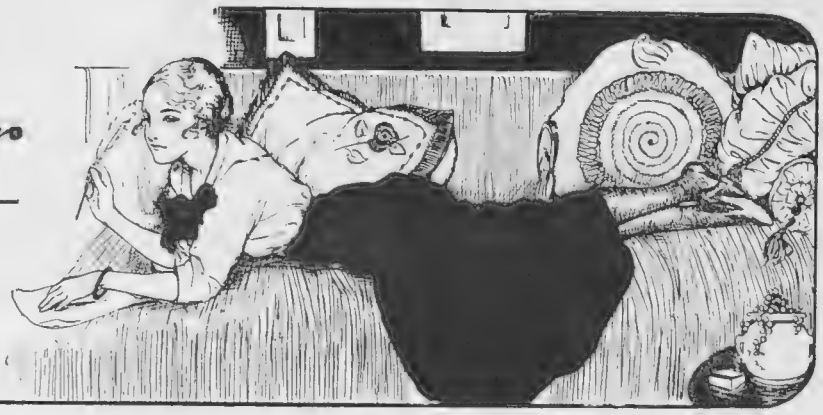
MISS DOROTHY WARD

Who is to appear (monster guns permitting!) in Paris shortly in "Zig-zag"

Alpine Warfare

An Italian sentry on guard at the entrance to one of the mountain dug-outs, which form a perfect shelter from shell and bomb alike

The Bystander in Paris



"I have written of an old cocher . . ."

AN OLD COCHER.

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN.

MES AMIS—

THE cocher who attends always with his cab at the corner of our avenue has put on his white hat. He has put on his white hat and to-day, for the first time, he drives his little fiacre of the summer time like what you call a victoria.

HIS horse, the brave Bucéphale, to which, when in the evening they go home, he sings: "*Au bord de la rivière*"—it is he or another whom I have heard to sing loudly—has pricked him up the ears and looks so much more as a horse should do than in the winter.

THEN when his master wore his fur hat they were melancholy both the two, and the square cab they conducted was most melancholy of all. One could not enter in it without to feel sad as if one went to Père Lachaise to one's funeral. Always the *cocher* with his winter cab felt himself to be despised by the taxi-autos, but to-day when he puts on his white hat and drives the little open carriage all the world is different.

"*Tiens, voilà une voiture!*" every one says, and because it is the first they call to the *cocher* and mount to drive to the Bois. His is not a horse of whom one may be proud to drive in the allée. Perhaps, for there are many, he has deserved the *Croix de Guerre* or he is very distinguished to have on his coat the mark of the arrow which shows that he have belonged in the old days to the English Army.

ONE day when I went to drive, the *cocher* called his horse "Canada," because it was a war horse of the Canadians, who had arrived to be wounded fighting for France. For him I was sad that he must now begin to make his life in Paris and not go again to his prairie.

BUT Bucéphal, the horse of our *cocher*, is a Parisian, a Boulevardier. Almost in the summer when he pulls his little cab he has the air, the soul, of a *flâneur*. He is not now, perhaps, *chic*, and his knees are as the trousers of one who goes often to Confession. But it is not very much that he is really dévout.

SINCE a long time I have studied the character of Bucéphal. *C'est un vrai type.* There are of his colleagues who are very tired and sad and do not have regard to anything, but him—if one has lifted the skirt too high when one mounts the cab, he turns his long neck to regard, and I am sure he is capable to wink to his master.

IT is of other times that these two think when they sleep in the sunshine waiting to be engaged. The head of Bucéphal will nod down to his knees and he will dream of the season when he was the carriage horse of the Marquise de Servigny. His name was Castor then and his pair was Pollux. What corn there was to eat in those days and what a success they made for the Marquise in the Bois! Everyone turned to regard.

AND then one day a carriage without horses, but with a horrible noise and a great smoke like a dragon made to devour them. How they flew. It was a terror that thing and they galloped all the distance of the Bois. It was the fault of

(Continued on page 80)

"The cocher has put on his white hat"

WELL-KNOWN M.P. ON "PELMANISM."

81 ADMIRALS AND GENERALS NOW ENROLLED.

75 Enrolments In One Firm.

"PELMANISM" continues its extraordinary progress amongst all classes and sections of the community. To the many notable endorsements of the System which have been already published there is now added an important pronouncement by a well-known M.P.—Sir James Yoxall, whose eminence, both as an educationist and as a Parliamentarian, gives additional weight to his carefully considered opinion.

"The more I think about it," says Sir James Yoxall, "the more I feel that Pelmanism is the name of something much required by myriads of people to-day."

He adds: "I suspected Pelmanism; when it began to be heard of I thought it was quackery. **Now I wish I had taken it up when I heard of it first."**

This is very plain speaking; but plain speech is the keynote of the entire article. Thus one of the greatest national authorities upon the subject of education adds his valuable and independent testimony to that of the many distinguished men and women who have expressed their enthusiasm for the new movement.

81 Admirals and Generals are now Pelmanists, and over 20,000 of all ranks of the Navy and Army. The legal and medical professions are also displaying a quickened interest in the System—indeed, every professional class and every grade of business men and women are enrolling in increasingly large numbers.

Several prominent firms have paid for the enrolment of eight, ten, or a doen members of their staffs, and one well-known house has just arranged for the enrolment of 75 of the staff.

FASCINATION OF THE "LITTLE GREY BOOKS."

Within the past few weeks several M.P.'s, many members of the aristocracy, and two Royal personages, as well as a very large number of officers in H.M. Navy and Army, have added their names to the Pelman register.

One of the most interesting letters received lately comes from a lady in the Midlands. Being fifty-five years of age and being very delicate, she had her doubts as to whether she should take a Pelman Course. She consulted her son, a medical practitioner, who at first laughed at the idea, but promised to make inquiries. The outcome was a letter in which the Doctor wrote:

"'Pelmanism' has got hold of me. I have worked through the first lesson and . . . I am enthusiastic."

His experience tallies exactly with that of Sir James Yoxall, M.P., Mr. George R. Sims, and a host of other professional men (doctors, solicitors, barristers, etc.), who have admitted that their initial scepticism was quickly changed into enthusiasm.

"Truth's" Dictum.

"Truth" puts the whole matter in a nutshell in its famous Report on the work of the Pelman Institute—

"The Pelman course is . . . valuable to the well-educated, and still more valuable to the half-educated or the superficially educated. One might go much farther and declare that the work of the Pelman Institute is of national importance, for there are few people indeed who would not find themselves mentally stronger, more efficient, and better equipped for the battle of life by a course of Pelman training."

Easily Followed by Post.

"Pelmanism" is not an occult science; it is free from mysticism; it is as sound, as sober, and as practical as the most hard-headed, "common-sense" business man could desire. And as to its results, they follow with the same certainty with which muscular development follows physical exercise. It is nowhere pretended, and the inquirer is nowhere led to suppose, that the promised benefits are gained "magically" by learning certain formulæ, or by the cursory reading of a printed book. The position is precisely the same, again, as with physical culture. No sane person expects to develop muscle by reading a book; he knows he must practise the physical exercises. Similarly the Pelmanist knows he must practise mental exercise.

"The Finest Mental Recreation."

"Exercise," in some ears, sounds tedious; but every Pelmanist will bear out the statement that there is nothing tedious or exacting about the Pelman exercises. Indeed it is no exaggeration to say that an overwhelming proportion of Pelmanists describe the exercises as "fascinating," "delightful," "the finest mental recreation I have known."

There are thousands of people of all classes who would instantly enrol for a Pelman Course at any cost if they only realised a tithe of the benefits accruing. Here, again, a Pelmanist may be cited in evidence: "*If people only, knew,*" he says, "*the doors of the Institute would be literally besieged by eager applicants.*"

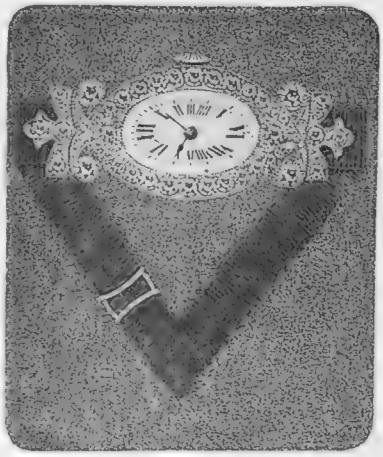
Who can *afford* to hold aloof from a movement which is steadily gaining the support of all the ambitious and progressive elements in the Empire? In two consecutive days recently two M.P.'s and a Member of the Upper House enrolled. Run through the current Pelman Register, and therein you will find British Consuls, H.M. Judges, War Office, Admiralty, and other Government Officials, University Graduates, Students, Tutors, Headmasters, Scientists, Clergymen, Architects, Doctors, Solicitors, Barristers, Authors, Editors, Journalists, Artists, Actors, Accountants, Business Directors and Managers, Bankers, Financiers, Peers, Peeresses, and men and women of wealth and leisure, as well as Salesmen, Clerks, Typists, Tradesmen, Engineers, Artisans, Farmers, and others of the rank-and-file of the nation. If ever the well-worn phrase, "from peer to peasant" had a real meaning, it is when applied to Pelmanism.

"Over 250,000 Men and Women."

The Pelman Course has already been followed by over 250,000 men and women. *It is directed through the post, and is simple to follow.* It takes up very little time. It involves no hard study. It can be practised anywhere, in the trenches, in the office, in the train, in spare minutes during the day. And yet in quite a short time it has the effect of developing the mind, just as physical exercise develops the muscles, of increasing your personal efficiency, and thus doubling your all-round capacity and income-earning power.

The improvement begins with the first lesson, and continues, increasingly, right up to the final lesson of the course. Individual instruction is given through the post, and the student receives the utmost assistance from the large expert staff of instructors at the Institute in solving particular personal difficulties and problems.

"Pelmanism" is fully explained and described in "Mind and Memory," which, with a copy of "Truth's" remarkable Report on the work of the Pelman Institute, will be sent, *gratis and post free*, to any reader of THE BYSTANDER who addresses the Pelman Institute, 27, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.



Fine Quality Platinum and Diamond Watch with Diamond Shoulders, on Black Moire Silk Strap - - - - - **£135**

THE Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company are constantly showing new designs in Watch Bracelets, and have the largest collection in London. The Company's Watch Bracelets are of higher quality, and are better value, than those offered elsewhere at the same prices.

WARNING

The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company have no branch establishments in Regent Street, Oxford Street, or elsewhere—in London or abroad—only one address, 112, Regent Street, London, W. 1.

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GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD.
with which is incorporated The Goldsmiths Alliance Ltd Est. 1751,
Jewellers to H.M. the King,
112, REGENT STREET,
LONDON, W. 1.

NOTE.—The advertisements of this House are occasionally interesting—they are always truthful.

POPE & BRADLEY'S
Sole Proprietor H Dennis Bradley
Civil, Military & Naval Tailors.

THE AGE OF STANDARDS.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

THE world having now practically ceased to produce, we are of necessity reduced not only to a standard ration, but the tendency is towards standardisation in all things.

A standard food ration may be an unpleasant necessity, but uniformity is the god of the moment, and in too many instances a healthy individuality is requested to bow before an entirely unhealthy and preposterous ogre of Bureaucracy.

Let there be no mistake, standardisation is of itself retrogressive, not progressive.

But it is beloved of a certain kind of mind for its own sake, and if certain folk had their way we should soon lead standard lives with standard wives, be standard fed, and standard bled. We might even be enjoined to make standard love, but surely there is still enough of Pride, of Romance, even of Snobbishness, Caste Prejudice, if you will, left to settle the standing of standard love.

There is, however, no immediate danger of Pope and Bradley's customers being compelled to undergo the indignity of standard suits—the other matters are beyond the control of a mere commercial firm—as the House has protected their interests by placing orders in advance to cover the demands of the next year or so.

MUFTI.		SERVICE DRESS.	
Lounge Suits .. .. from £6 6 0		Service Jackets .. .. from £5 15 6	
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Overcoats .. .. „ 5 5 0		Bedford Cord Breeches „ 3 3 0	

Full Mufti List and Prices will be sent free on application.

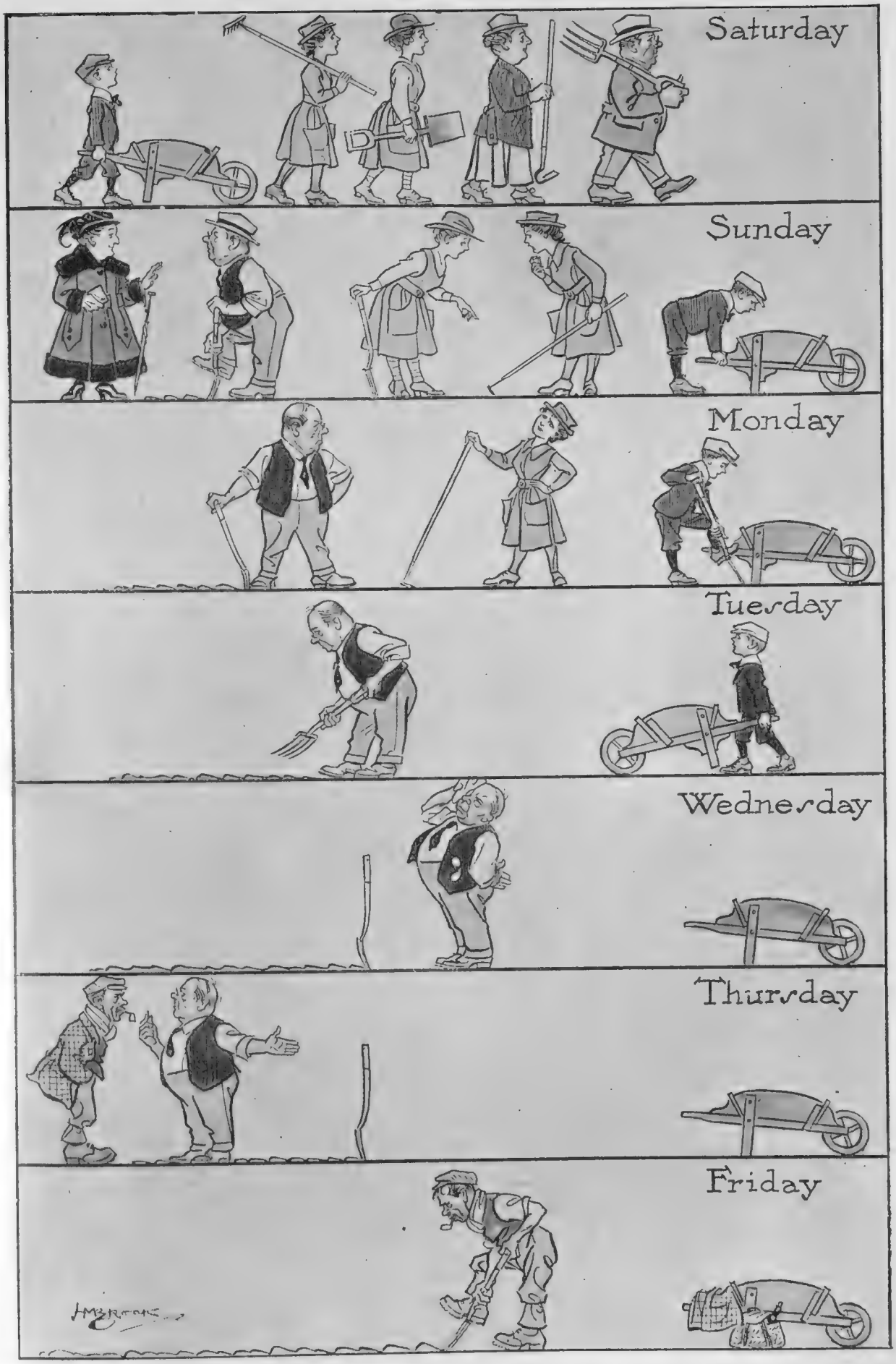
TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY

14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.

Taking Cover.

"Rilette's" picture is still apropos of nothing—nothing of the present, for the present has nothing to offer. The future is the only hope for the world—hence the mind wanders.

The New Allotment—



—and how its pleasures pall—perhaps!

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

"One who go often to Confession"

Pollux and the coachman that they made a smash with another carriage.

❋

IT is very long ago that it so happened and no more now is he, since he is Bucéphal, afraid of the carriages which propel themselves; but when his head nods he remembers himself of the time before they came and when they go so quick past with an ugly honk-honk, he makes a long lip and says: "*Passez! Passez!* Already it arrives that the world begins to fatigue itself of you."

❋

HIS master's dreams are also of the past while he sits half asleep with only one half of the eye awake for a client. To-day, when he put on the white hat, I am sure he said to madame: "Remember you when I have bought him, Marie. Thou wert *mince* and *jolie* then, dame; but it is he who has worn the better—my old *chapeau*."

❋

AND Marie, who has been jealous for forty years that he should have so gay a life to drive about Paris all day and see everything of what passes in the streets, will say: "And thou too, old one. Think you thy hat is not more handsome than thy red nose and wrinkles. To-day, because you drive your summer fiacre, you will be thinking the gay thoughts, but it is not at thee and thy white hat that Suzanne at the *Restaurant des Cochers*, of whom you have spoken, will look. It is at some smart young chauffeur with his war medals and more brains to conduct his taxi-auto than ever thou and thy old Bucéphal had between you."

❋

BUT madame was wrong. To-day it is Bucéphal and his master who have the success. He is late to arrive on the streets with his summer cab. Before the war always it was on the first day of spring, the twenty-first of March, that all the *cochers* would so appear.

❋

THIS year they are all late to appear. And till to-day I have not understood what it should be that wanted to the sunshine and the leaves that open in the Bois and the avenues to make my spring of Paris. The little chairs were all set out ten days since, and the old women have been busy to collect the sous of those who go to sit in the sun. But still it was not spring.

❋

THEN to-day I discover the white hat of my *cocher* and his little fiacre. With them and Bucéphal Lucile and I have driven in the Bois and I observe how much the white hat of a *cocher* may contribute to the summer.

Your friend, AGNÈS.

❋

P.S.—MES AMIS,

IT it is because my little drive in the warm sunshine has made me to feel better in my heart that I have written of the old *cocher*. He is of the Paris which you have loved—of our gay, wise, amusing Paris which will be again. And one must think of that to keep the mind.

❋

BUT when this morning he put his white hat on and drove out his fiacre the shells of the Boche were wounding our city (I love him that he paid them no regard); and while I write you, *mes amis*, you are with all your strength and with your lives fighting to keep us safe. Perhaps it will be when you read this that it will be decided.

❋

OH, *mes amis, mes amis!* Paris and France give all their soul to you to make yours stronger.

"Suzanne at the Restaurant des Cochers"

R.M.S.P.

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Assorted 6d. Sample Box.

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Or post free, SEVENPENCE, from the Manufacturers,

M. MYERS & SON, Ltd.

Charlotte Street, Birmingham.

Extract from Mr. Jolliboy's Diary: No. 2.

"Had a breakdown to-day on my journey home. Happily my pipe came through unscathed, so sat me down to smoke till help came. Calling the driver, I asked him how long we would be. 'Just long enough,' says the wily rogue, diving for his pipe, 'to enjoy a smoke of that excellent tobacco you're smoking, Sir.' He was mighty pleased with it when he got it, for I verily believe the rascal knew 'twas Chairman all the time."

Chairman, a fine tobacco, made in three strengths: **Boardman's**, mild; **Chairman**, medium; **Recorder**, full; and is sold by tobacconists everywhere in 1 and 2 oz. packets, and ¼ and ½ lb. tins.

R. J. LEA, LTD. MANCHESTER.

A DRYAD WORK BASKET

WELL MADE, WITH A PLEASING SILK LINING. Diameter about 12 inches. Price 17/6, post paid. Further designs, Y Dept., Dryad Works, Leicester.

ZAIR'S

OFFICERS' CANES, &c.

With the new "Gadget" Loop.

Prices from 6/- to 30/- each. Postage included

Write for Catalogue of Whips, Sticks, and Spurs.

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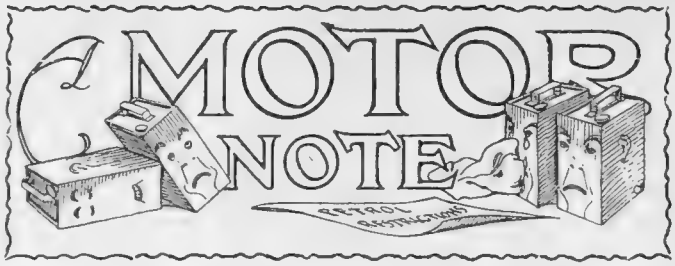
From all Saddlers and Military Outfitters.



OFFICIALLY, it is not true that Rolls-Royce contemplate amalgamation with any other concern, nor, again, that it has established works in America. That settles two rumours which have been abroad rather persistently.

***

THE F.I.A.T. people, of Turin, presumably from somewhere in France, send out most persistently to the British Press considerable packets of publicity matter. Generally it is good stuff; and the purpose of it is, naturally, to keep the F.I.A.T. Company, its enormous development, and the nature of its products well before the British public, against the time when F.I.A.T. goods can arrive.

***

THOSE goods are pretty sure to include a small car; and that small car is likely to make a big bid for the market which another car, from America, has, so far, occupied rather exclusively. With Italy assaulting our trade ground from the east and America from the west, it looks as if we shall have our hands rather full if we are to keep our end up on the Empire pitch. At present our manufacturers are lying low and sayin' nuffin' or precious little; but I expect they are thinking hard enough. Doubtless it will be nothing remotely resembling a walk-over the opposition will get; but I would like to have the assurance.

SUPPOSE Japan or China or India put in a motor manufacturing industry! That is not so unlikely.

***

EXCEPT for public utility services north of the southern boundary of Durham and Westmorland, the Board of Trade regrets it cannot issue further permits for the use of gas or motor fuel. Oh! We *are* a favoured people we southerners—we *don't* think.

***

THE German Army authorities have commenced proceedings against the German Daimler Company for fraud and war profiteering, on the ground that the company has for years overcharged the authorities. I don't mind—except to the extent of dissociating the English Daimler Company from the German company, although by now everybody should be aware that there is not even a remote relationship between them.

***

WARLAND RIMS have declared the comfortable dividend of 20 per cent. on the year, placed a further £5,000 to reserve, and carry forward £3,266. Among those firms which have deserved success through the excellence of the service rendered to the national cause I place high the Warland.

***

THE King and Queen visited the Clement Talbot works the other day and must have had a very interesting time. It would probably have been still more interesting had they been able to make comparison of the huge works the Talbot Company now possess with the memory I have of the works not so very many years ago. Since August, 1914, Talbots, under the managing directorship of Mr. Frank Shorland, have been all in on war work, and the extent of their output approaches the fabulous. They do not put up much of a shout about it, but it's there, and ready for presently as well as for the present.

YOU MUST SPECIFY A "C.A.V." LIGHTING AND STARTING SET for your "After the War" Car if it is to be the BEST ON THE ROAD.—Write for descriptive brochure, C. A. VANDERVELL and Co. (Ltd.), Acton, London, W. 3.

The most severe test for a carburetter is on an aeroplane under war conditions. CLAUDEL HOBSON CARBURETTERS are undergoing this test with credit.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

Pocket Flasks

No. 287 (as illustrated) Non corrosive, oxidised, bayonet top, plated inside, extra flat concave shape (⅝-pt.), **37/6**

Ditto. Smaller sizes, **30/-**, and **35/-**

In Britannia Metal, concave shape, to hold ½-pint, **15/-**.

Ditto smaller sizes, **8/6** and **11/6**

WATER BOTTLES. No. 283A.—Nickel silver plated inside, non-corrosive, bayonet top, rounded front, flat back, covered khaki cloth, 1¾ pints ... **1 9 0**
No. 284A—Do., with leather cradle carrier ... **1 12 6**
No. 285A.—Do., Regulation pattern, concaved, 2½ pints **1 15 0**

HAVERSACKS, extra large and strong, made from an officer's design **17/6**
No. 281—Do. with Leather Base .. **27/6**
Detachable Sling, **2/6** extra.

Postage Inland 6d., to B.E.F. 1½ extra. Send for NEW *Illustrated List of War Equipment,*

SWAINE & ADENEY,
By Appointment to H.M. the King.
185 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.

Stellite Cars

PRE-WAR MODELS WERE BUILT BY SKILLED MECHANICS UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF ENGINEERING EXPERTS IN CAR PRODUCTION

Manufactured by a branch of Vickers Limited

POST-WAR CARS WILL BE BUILT UNDER IMPROVED CONDITIONS.
ADD YOUR NAME TO OUR "WAITING LIST"
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Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

THE example set by Nature in decking herself out in spring raiment is really shockingly reprehensible, but nevertheless very irresistible. The sun, now beginning to shine high in the heavens, picks out ruthlessly the defects in our winter armour. Well, we all have our several ways of going about renewing our wardrobes, and to the great credit of us all, let it be said, expenditure is being administered with the utmost care and discretion. When out-and-out new things have to be bought they are bought, the increasing cost of tailor-mades in particular giving us to think with much seriousness; but where renovations serve, these are attacked in a spirit that is infinitely creditable, and, as I have, I believe, already pointed out, the long redingote type of wrap is, above all others, helpful towards this end.

❋

Fashions Before the Footlights

ANY new play that comes at the commencement of a season is invariably sought with eagerness for indications of the mood of *La Mode*. And to speak frankly the only right and endurable spot in the *Prime Minister*, at the Royalty, pertains to clothes. Although the exigencies of the plot do not permit of indulgence in much finery, Miss Joy Chatwin as the Prime Minister's sister—or is it sister-in-law?—wears one notably beautiful gown, which would, perhaps, be described as a dinner gown; and it is this "Noreen" has illustrated.

The features to be specially noted comprise the slim skirt, slightly slit up in front and finishing with a short, pointed train and the one-side swinging panel. The scheme is carried out in fuchsia colourings, purple soft satin for the main part with fuchsia red chiffon for the panel, which is artistically draped and stitched all round the edge with brown fur, while the nowadays inevitable neutral touch occurs in a becomingly draped sash of gold metal embroidered satin in more delicate fuchsia nuances.

Miss Joy Chatwin also wears an exceptionally elegant all black evening toilette, an alliance of soft black satin and heavily jetted net. The manner in which the latter is handled is replete with originality. After swathing the figure above the waist, it is continued down one side, where a loop occurs through which the arm is slipped, thereby creating *le dernier cri* in trousered effects.

A DINNER GOWN
In the latest fashion worn in "The Prime Minister"

❋

Cross-Stitch Embroidery

A TAILOR-MADE that will go to every woman's heart is allotted to Miss Ethel Irving. It is very new, very *chic*, and intensely simple, the hip-length, perfectly straight coat with bell-shaped sleeves recalling the early sixties. Stone-coloured gabardine composes it, the jacket opening wide in front over a flat *gilet* of black silk, embroidered at the lower edge with two straight lines of cross-stitch embroidery. A similar form of stitchery in tone adorns the sleeves and sides of the coat. Again on the dearest little *paysanne* blouse of white georgette, this same embroidery appears in a delicate powder blue, the blouse disappearing beneath a deep corslet of the same embroidered black silk as the *gilet*. That we shall see a good deal of this cross-stitch embroidery is assured. It is quite fascinating, and although rather close work is, I am told, fairly quickly done.

It was exceedingly effective on a navy serge gown, arranged with the cutest little crossover corsage I have ever seen. From beneath the crossed front, there fell a widish end, like the continuation of a waistcoat, worked in cross stitch in delicate Persian colourings and with wool. A *soupçon* of the stitchery appeared about the slight *décolletage*, and a similar *soupçon* at the back of the cuffs, and that was all.

❋

A Very Intime Negligée

THE community of women who are now legitimately weary at the end of the day is added to weekly. And these, when they arrive home after hours of strenuous labour, have only one desire—to bathe and get into the simplest negligée together with some dainty boudoir cap, to avoid the necessity of re-dressing the hair. The choice of gown suitable to this

(Continued on page 86)

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued)

end is already so exhaustive that it is really intrepid of "Noreen" to add to the list an individual suggestion of her own. Needless to say this is based on an accepted vogue, which is that of the loose little crossover corsage, so easy to slip into and out of, and so delightfully comfortable in the wear. Fashioned of grey georgette and silver lace is this pretty thing, the cap of silver lace tied round with a ribbon the colour of Neapolitan violets, the wearer apparently speculating as to whether she shall tuck a bunch of the blooms into the front folds of her gown as a decorative finish. The chances are large that she will do so.

A NEGLIGEE INTIME
Of grey georgette and silver lace, with silver lace cap tied with violet ribbon

A Survey of Fashion

In pursuance of the usual spring-time custom, Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge, has issued an illustrated catalogue; and, as always, this is a brochure overflowing with useful and representative matter.

Standing easily in the front rank of good style and refined taste is the costume department here, where Paris models share in rivalry with others absolutely exclusive to the house of Harvey Nichol. Very special emphasis is laid on some inexpensive *crêpe de Chine* frocks, creations that at the moment range from 4½ guineas. But should these models, together with many others, require to be repeated, the cost will necessarily be increased, a reflection that holds equally good of those jolly little tub frocks for which the firm holds a name second to none. In this connection, offered in yet another expression, cotton crêpe georgette plays a leading and infinitely charming rôle.

Harvey Nichols' far-famed Milkmaid Skirt, fitted with *bretelles*, is offered in yet another expression, and is available in coloured check zephyrs at 49*s.* 6*d.*, crash linen 4 guineas, and soft black satin at 6½ guineas.

In the mantle section there are some dressy little wraps of taffeta and light weight gabardine, together with an exceptionally large and enchanting selection of useful weatherproof coats.

Novelties abound in blouses and jumpers, and, of course, millinery, other items of interest including children's and ladies' outfitting, boots and shoes, gloves and hosiery.

(Continued on page 88)

A LINK WITH HOME

Cameron
Safety Self Fillers

The man at the Front knows that in writing his cheery letters home he'll be at his best with a Cameron pen—and it's no trouble to fill.

No separate fillers to get lost, no special ink-bottle to carry about, no trouble, no mess—he simply fills it from *any* ink-bottle, by pressing the bars, and continues to use it again. With Waverley, Hindoo, Bankers, "J," or Normal Nibs, **15/-**.

Letters written with the Cameron retain the author's individuality of style. Five distinctive gold iridium-pointed nibs from which to choose.

Smooth and convenient in size to hold, it is a pleasure to write with a Cameron. British made—up-to-date, it is the present-day fountain pen.

At all Stationers and Dealers.

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LONDON: 39, Shoe Lane, E.C., 4; EDINBURGH: 23, Blair Street; GLASGOW: 13, West Regent Street; PARIS: Kirby Beard & Co., Ltd., 5, Rue Auber.

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When it grows impossible to recruit your staff or to augment the number for increased work K & J improved business methods find their best opportunity

An urgent case is then presented for demonstrating that speedier and more manageable systems exist to make up the lee-way At ordinary times you may have been disinclined to change, even for improvement's sake, the habitual routine of your office Now it is different; but you can turn to K & J for practical help, because K & J have given years to the study of advanced business methods and the means for making them effective and simple

In your business needs, turn to K & J Call at the Show Room for expert service, information and equipment

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HEAD OFFICE: Multigraph Works West Bromwich
BELFAST: Scottish Provident Bldgs Donegall Square
GLASGOW: 166 Buchanan Street
MANCHESTER: 7 Blackfriars St
NEWCASTLE: St Nicholas Square
SHEFFIELD: 28 Change Alley
SWANSEA: 3-5 Goat Street

The Girl of the Week

Lavinia

Miss Lavinia wrote a letter
With a leaky fountain pen,
She was seventeen and simple,
But she knew the ways of men.

"Daddy swore I should not marry
"At so juvenile an age"
(Here the fountain-pen—from pity—
Wept black blots across the page!)

"But I plied him with Abdullas,
"Like the cunning child I am,
"After smoking half-a-dozen
"He grew gentle as a lamb.

"And next 'leave,' dear, when we're wedded,
"You will find your prudent wife
"Packs Abdullas in her 'trousseau'
"To ensure a happy life!"

ABDULLA

THE CIGARETTE OF ALL TIME

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

The Vogue for Veils

WHERE veils end it matters not at all, but their starting point is everything. Veils, too, as the sole ornamental feature of hats, are having a *succès fou*. For nowadays you first buy your veil and then catch the hat most assured of showing the former off to the best perfection. If, perchance, your fancy has been caught by a fine mesh veil, embroidered at the top with a conventional design in Persian colourings of dull blue, magenta, and gold, then straightway you make for one of the larger picture shapes of black Velours. Carefully adjusted about the lower half of the crown and partly on its inner edge, the embroidery at once controls the situation.

Other very smart veils are mounted on bands of fur that sit round the base of one of the high folded crowns of hatter's plush. And yet again a further variety, after swathing hat and face, is supplied with an end long enough to be twisted scarf-wise round the throat. These last are of net or lace, a finger depth of fur finishing the scarf end. Toques and scarves all of a piece are merely one of the many outcomes of the *cache-nez* that looks like becoming a household word in modistic realms.

Corn-Coloured Blouse-Coat of Crêpe de Chine, Ornamented with Chainette

THE invaluable aid offered by those establishments that specialise in *picot* edging and veining should not be overlooked. Quite recently cable-stitching, those amusing darned lines, and chainette, have all evoked fresh adjustment, the services of which are being eagerly sought by the enterprising.

Pretty little blouse-coats can be carried out in all sorts of materials, *crêpe de Chine, crêpe Schappe*—a capital material and cheap—heavy-weight georgette, or Bryk-Bryk. You see, I really must do my bit in trying to inculcate economy, although my own private opinion is that the truest economy is found in seeing that you get value for your money. We are through the phase of imagining that there is a saving in the buying of cheap things. Several cheap things tot up to considerably more than one article that is thorough and sound throughout.

For the Motherless Children

The Annual Exhibition of the Royal Amateur Art Society will be held this year at 8, Carlton House Terrace, by permission of Earl Brownlow; in aid of the usual London Nursing Charities and of the Children's Aid Committee for Motherless Children of Soldiers at the Front. May 9 to 12 inclusive. Intending exhibitors should communicate with the hon. secretary, the Hon. Lady Mallet, 43, Cadogan Gardens, S.W. The Loan Section will include water-colours, Sedan-chair clocks, ornamental watches, and china. Owners of any of these things, who would lend them, should write to the Hon. Sybil Legh, Artillery Mansions, Westminster, S.W.

A St. George's Day Show for the Veterans

An all-star matinée, at which Miss Violet Loraine and Mr. George Robey, among other celebrated artists, have kindly promised to assist, is to be held at the Holborn Empire, on April 23, St. George's Day, in aid of the fund for enlarging the Veterans' Club and endowing it as an Imperial Memorial to those who have fallen. Those who are unable to attend personally are asked to purchase seats for wounded soldiers or to send donations.

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